

## Send a 2¢ Stamp



## for a Sample Cake

Just look through this pure, transparent soap, smell its delicate perfume, and feel its rich, creamy lather on your face. You will never again be satisfied with any toilet soap less pure and perfect.

## No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

Insures a soft, clear, beautiful skin. Three generations of refined women on both sides of the Atlantic have proven its merits. Sold in every country where beauty is admired, or health desired. At your dry goods dealer or druggist.

For sample trial cake, send 2c stamp, or for 10 cents in stamps we will send you a package containing a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

No. 4711 Liquid White Rose Glycerine Soap. A new, convenient, delightful form of this refreshing soap—sanitary, economical, efficient. A luxurious shampoo.

## MÜLHENS & KROPFF

Dept. F, 25 West 45th Street, New York

Ferd. Mülhens, No. 4711 Glockengasse, Cologne a R Germany

## LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

### THE RETURN TO OUTDOORS

marks a trying time for dainty complexions and tender skins. LABLACHE, the powder invisible, protects and perpetuates that velvety smoothness. Used by millions of discriminating women the world over. Exquisitely fragrant. A constant delight.

### Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Fresh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers, Dept. Y

125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



For the Woman who Cares

## HYGIENOL

GUARANTEED STERILIZED  
POWDER PUFF  
IN SANITARY ENVELOPE

4 SIZES—10c.—15c.—25c.—35c.

HYGIENOL eliminates dangers of damaging skin diseases through unsanitary powder puffs. Made of finest French lamb's wool—thoroughly sterilized in sanitary envelope. Costs no more than unprotected kind. Ask your dealer.

If not in your dealer we will supply you direct on receipt of price and 3c. additional to cover postage. (Insister of the famous "Crepe Skin".)

Maurice Levy, 15 West 28th Street, New York City

## I Trust You Ten Days. Send No Money

Send lock of hair and I will mail a 22-inch, short stem, fine human hair switch to match. Choice, natural wavy or straight hair. A big bargain. Remit \$2 in ten days or sell three and get Your Switch Free. Extra shades a little more. Enclose or postage. Write today for free beauty book of latest styles of hair dressing, high grade switches, puffs, wigs, pompadours, hairpins in French Feathers. Women agents wanted. ANNA AYELLS, Dept. K-27, 220 S. State St., Chicago.

32 Hair Switch on Approval.

## ENDLESS NECKTIE

All the rage. Newest style. Ties in different place each time. A wonder. Girl makes \$87 one week; man \$20 one day. FREE SAMPLE and amazing offer. Write quick.

ENDLESS NECKTIE COMPANY, Dept. 15, Kansas City, Mo.

## The Deaf Hear

Write for our big Illustrated Catalogue on the latest scientific hearing instrument, the perfected 1914 Model.

## New 8-Tone Mears Ear Phone

EIGHT times as efficient, EIGHT times as powerful, EIGHT times as convenient, EIGHT times as helpful as our former One-Tone model, and with double the efficiency of our well known 4-Tone. Eight different sound adjustments, instantly changed by a touch of the finger.

Free Trial Sold only direct from our New York office on trial at our expense. Test it for 15 days. It costs nothing if you do not want to keep it. Easy monthly payments if you wish, at the lowest net laboratory price direct to you. Send for this offer and the Mears Booklet—FREE.

Mears Ear Phone Co., Dept. 2425, 45 West 34th Street, New York.

densation of any that have yet been seen; for its owner avers that he can spell his name "Justin R. Sypher."

The opticians of the Quaker City furnish their quota, thereby benefiting the eyesight of the explorer. There is, for instance, "Bender & Off," which gives rise to many and various musings. If one should wish to ask Mr. Off to take a drink (not necessarily to go on a bender, of course), should he say "Come on!" or would it savor of the sweet flower of courtesy to say "Come Off?" And in vacation time, if Bender is off and Off is on, or if Bender is always off and Off is off, off and on, where does the business of the firm get off? One would like to enter into a frank discussion of this most vexing question; but here at the corner is a real estate sign that says "Frank B. Off," and will take no denial.

In the same neighborhood "Wall & Ochs" are doing a prosperous business in optical lines, and one says hopefully, "I trust that their customers become neither Wall-eyed nor Ochs-eyed." Farther up town a sign points out the business headquarters of "Mrs. J. Hurwitz." And again "the mighty question riz." Suppose the lady has lost her husband, thereby losing Hurwitz, is she therefore demented? If he is an invalid, must Hurwitz be feeble? And as evidence that there is truth in our familiar proverbs, a sign on Ninth-st., "Morrow," gives eloquent testimony to the truth of the maxim that "a Worrum will turn"; a fact that is still further attested in New York, where a machinist, possessing several lathes, answers to the name of "A. Wurm."

NEW YORK itself offers many rare and valuable contributions to the gallery, not the least valuable being "Val. Ubl." The sign of "Schoverling, Daly & Gales" suggested to the wittiest woman in America the idea that it might be used as a motto for the Department of Street Cleaning. "Dwork"—with a little dash interjected—is suggestive, and so, in a different way, is "Roche, Croll & Co." In the case of "Present & Co.," we are once more in a quandary; for we fall to wondering if when Present is absent whoever is left is Present, and also if the Company is among those present, with various other presentments of a like caliber. Nor is the case much improved when we find ourselves at the portals of "Double & Co."; for if we have important business within, it is only too evident that we must make out to see Double.

"Keys & Lockwood" give us less trouble; we naturally expect that, if Keys would, Lockwood; which is but fitting. And when we visit the piano warerooms of "James &

Holmstrom" it seems only reasonable that James should be right at home strumming. Farther over toward the East Side is a merchant appealing by the name of "Lukacher." Doubtless, we reflect, he would sell us good merchandise, and so would his clerks as soon as Lukacher. Gazing on the sign "Brigham, Graham & Capers," one wonders at the large amount of ham to the allotment of capers. A puzzling sign, in its way, is that of "E. A. Crostic." And with memories of "Dwork" still clinging to our consciousness, with its profane suggestion, we are brought up all standing by the ejaculatory inscription, "A. W. Dhem." In the meantime we take occasion to reflect that presumably the clerks of "Cash," the grocer, will be pleased to sell a bill of goods for cash.

Of signs wherein the punishment fits the crime there are many: "Thomas Beers" is in the liquor business; a barber lays claim to the cognomen "A. Shafer"; the ranks of the butchers give us "Haug," "Katz," "Ochs," "Goetz," and "Giblett"; the proprietors of a "sporting café" are "Clipper & Kuttner"; you realize, when you see the sign "Hookey, Undertaker," that there is one craftsman you can't play hookey with. And to wind up these examples of fitness with a peculiarly intricate one we have only to refer to the Philadelphia sign that calls the attention of the public to "Doctor Lawyer, Dentist."

SOME signs are perverse, and when read backward give most astonishing results. Such a one is in Providence (and, Providence permitting, will probably stay there), where of the legend, "Moss & Krieger," readily takes on an unlovely appearance as cross and meager. In Providence too is that triumph of Chinese slyness, "Wah Shung, Laundryman." We did not see where the wash hung; but were strongly attracted by the idea that the Celestial might occasionally leave his business for a call at the barroom nearby, leaving a card on his door to inform the casual passerby that "Wah Shung out; too dily!"

Briefly pausing to notice that "Feaster" has three restaurants in New York, and that the signs "A. Glazer, Glazing" and "J. Glazer, Glazier," are only three doors apart in Brooklyn, we will leave the subject. But we hesitate to do so without referring to the proposition, made some little time since, for the formation of a Society of Earnest Students in Nomenclature, to be devoted to observing and recording Signs and Nomens, so to speak; membership to be open to all except those who "die and make no Sign," all meetings to be adjourned Sine die; Co-signs signs to be allowed, the secretary to have a Sine-cure, and the club's motto to be "Sine Qua Nonsense!"

## WORTH WHILE FOLK FROM HOD CARRIER TO PREACHER

IT is perhaps not generally known that the writer of many touching and beautiful hymns that have found their way into various hymnals, and are sung by Christian congregations wherever the English language is in use, is a modest, unassertive colored clergyman, the Rev. Charles Albert Tindley.

Negro life in America centers in the church. Their ministers are for the most part the race's real leaders, and sometimes its heroes. Dr. Tindley is one of the most loved men in his race. He is a veritable giant, six feet two, and weighing two hundred and thirty pounds, rugged, honest, humble, compassionate. There is about him a simplicity and dignity of soul that suggests the thought of "A Lincoln in ebony," as the white friends of Tindley have generously designated him; a not unfit tribute to the spirit of the martyred President whose proclamation made possible the endeavors of a Tindley, and of every colored American.

Dr. Tindley belongs to that part of the Methodist Episcopal Church composed of colored people who never withdrew from that body, and is therefore under the supervision of white Bishops. He is pastor of the largest colored Methodist congregation in the world, the Calvary Church at Broad and Fitzwater-sts., Philadelphia. It has more than three thousand communicants. He has the largest Sunday school in Methodism,—more than thirty-six hundred. He is a popular lecturer and preacher in white churches and universities, as well as among his own people, and has just returned from a trip to Europe, the expenses of which were met by white and colored friends in Philadelphia. Yet, not many years ago, he was an unlettered hod carrier in Philadelphia, and sexton of the same church of which he is now pastor. The first time he attended a church in that city he was so uncouth in



Charles Albert Tindley.

appearance that he was laughed at by members of his own race until he wept. His early life had been one of hardship and pathos, such as few even of his own race could understand.

HE was born in Maryland, July 7, 1859. His parents were free, and he was never a slave; though his lot was little if at all better. He says of himself:

"I never saw a book until I was seventeen years old. My mother died when I was a little over two. My father was a good man; but very poor and unlearned. He was unable to keep me in school, or to keep me in his little home. It therefore became my lot to be 'hired out' wherever Father could place

me, and some of the people with whom I lived were very cruel. Many cold nights I had to sleep in fence corners and cover myself with leaves. I was not permitted to go to church nor to have a book. My only reading was bits of newspaper which I picked up on the roadside, and hid in my bosom; for I had no pockets. A white boy, now a prominent lawyer in Maryland, showed me such words as 'dog,' 'man,' 'boy.' At night, when the people were asleep, I would lie flat to prevent being seen by anyone who might chance to be about, and by the light of pine knots that I had gathered during the day I would mark with fire coals all the words I could make out on my treasured bits of newspaper. I continued in this way until I learned to read.

"When I was only nine or ten years old I was required to do almost as much work as a man. I had to patch my own rough clothing and wash my one tow shirt in a tub of cold water and ashes, and then stand in the sun until it dried. And I was no stranger to kicks and blows.

"The only day schooling I ever had was when, at the age of eighteen, I spent two months and seventeen days in a country school in Maryland. I walked seven miles to attend this school; but soon had to return to work. Still, my ambition knew no bounds. I would plow all day in the field, studying my book as I worked, and then walk and run fourteen miles at night to spend a precious half-hour with my teacher.

"While I was a hod carrier in Philadelphia I attended night school for three years, and in this way was able to pass my examination for the ministry. Since then I have taken a correspondence course from the Boston Theological School, studied Greek and Hebrew under private teachers, have gone through the theological curriculum of Drew, and have taken a Christological course at the University of Chicago. I have also studied biology, botany, and elocution under private teachers. I have gone through the books of most schools; but have not gone through the schools. Bennett College gave me the degree of doctor of divinity three years ago; but I am still a humble student, endeavoring to improve myself every day."

BACK of Dr. Tindley, on the father's side, was a Scottish ancestor, once one of the most eloquent lawyers in Maryland. The negro blood is Zulu. His maternal grandfather was a giant of prodigious strength, nearly seven feet tall, and weighing two hundred and seventy pounds, famous for his physical exploits in Maryland. He was a quaint kind of character, a sort of natural philosopher whose counsel was sometimes sought, even in slave days, by white and black alike.

Like his grandfather, Dr. Tindley is full of quaint wisdom. When he took his examination for the ministry he was sexton of his present church. A bumptious young colored man, a college graduate, who was also to take the examination, contemptuously inquired of Tindley:

"How do you expect to pass this examination? I and the other candidates hold diplomas in our hands. What do you hold?"

"Nothing but a broom," replied Tindley, who had just left off sweeping.

Tindley passed second among a large number of candidates, all of whom were schoolmen but him.

He has been pastor of his present church a little over twelve years, during which time seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of property has been bought, and he has increased his membership from three hundred to three thousand, until he preaches every Sunday to "standing room only" crowds. He is an eloquent and touching pulpit orator. Frequently numbers of white people go to hear him. A prominent white Philadelphian recently said of him, "The man is an inspiration! His very soul sings!"

Out of such a life of pathos and sunshine, of struggle and achievement, have come such cheering and comforting songs as "I'll Overcome Some Day," "We'll Understand It Better By and By," "Go Wash in That Beautiful Stream," "What Are They Doing in Heaven Today?" and his own particular favorite, "I Have Found at Last a Savior":

I have found at last a Savior  
Of whom I've often heard,  
And I have the precious favor  
He has promised in His Word.  
Oh, the joy that comes to me,  
And the pow'r that makes me free!  
My soul is filled with praises—  
'Tis the year of jubilee!

I have promised I would follow,  
However rough the way,  
Leaving all things of tomorrow,  
I will trust Him just today.  
For the morning doth appear  
Which will banish all my fears:  
I shall see the land of Beulah,  
With mine eyes undimmed with tears.

—James D. Corrothers.